

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds? is true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'T were pittie two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.
Isl. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thur. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.
Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girl that loues him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leaue her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy.
Inow beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile,
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that saying?
Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The story of your Loues discovered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.
Valentine: } the two Gentlemen.
Protheus: }
Antonio: father to *Protheus*.
Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamour: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.
Host: where *Iulia* lodges.
Out-lawes with *Valentine*.
Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.
Launce: the like to *Protheus*.
Panthion: seruant to *Antonio*.
Iulia: beloued of *Protheus*.
Silvia: beloued of *Valentine*.
Lucetta: waighting woman to *Iulia*.

FINIS.

THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter *Iustice Shallow*, *Slender*, *Sir Hugh Euans*, *Master Page*, *Falstaffe*, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, *Pistol*, *Anne Page*,
Mistresse Ford, *Mistresse Page*, *Simple*.

Shallow.
Sir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-
Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir
John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*
Esquire. (Coram.

Slender. In the County of *Glocester*, *Iustice of Peace* and
Shal. I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slender. I, and *Raro lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne
(Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any
Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three
hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't:
and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may; they
may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old
Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to
man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old
Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat,
there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con-
iectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* haue
committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church
and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonc-
ments and compromises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there
is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you)
shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a
Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword
should end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end
it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which
peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is
Anne Page, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*,
which is pretty virginity.

Slender. *Mistresse Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and
speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that fer
you will desire, and se
and Gold, and Siluer,
bed, (Got deliuer to a
she is able to ouertake
goot motion, if we lea
desire a marriage betw
Anne Page.

Slender. Did her Gra
pound?

Euans. I, and her f

Slender. I know the y

gifts.

Euans. Seuen hund

goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see

Euans. Shall I tell y

doe despise one that is

true: the Knight Sir *I*

ruled by your well-wi

Page. What hoa? Go

M. Page. Who's t

Euans. Here is go't

since *Shallow*, and heer

uentures shall tell you

your likings.

M. Page. I am gl

thanke you for my V

Shal. Master *Page*

doe it your good hear

was ill killd: how do

you alwaies with my

M. Page. Sir, I tha

Shal. Sir, I thanke

M. Pa. I am glad t

Slender. How do's yo

say he was out-run on

M. Pa. It could ne

Slender. You'll not co

Shal. That he will

'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir

Shal. Sir: hee's a

be more said? he is g

here?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is

good office be tween

Euans. It is spoke

Shal. He hath wro

M. Pa. Sir, he dot